

日本文学の英訳をめぐって

〔IV〕

——万葉長歌 額田 王 柿本人麿 山上憶良から——

遠 山 清 子

額田 王 Nukata no Okimi

The Emperor, through his prime minister, Fujiwara Ason, ordered the courtiers to choose between the beauty of the spring hillside with its innumerable flowers, and the autumn hillside with its multi-colored leaves. Nukata no Okimi expressed her choice in verse:

When spring comes, the birds come forth warbling
After their long winter silence.
The flowers too come out in bloom
But the trees grow too dense in the mountains
And grasses too thick
For one to enter and gather flowers.
When I see the leaves on an autumn mountain
I relish their colors as I take them in my hand;
I sigh, letting green leaves stay on trees.
Though autumn is regrettable in this way,
I prefer autumn mountains.

(注 1)

Nukata no Okimi composed the following poem on her way to the province of Omi:

I want to go, taking in the full view of

The mountain of Miwa where wine is rich,
And watching the mountain time after time
At each bend of the road
Until it lies hidden between the green mountains of Nara.
Why must the clouds hide the mountain from me heartlessly !

Why do you hide Miwa Mountain so ?
At least you clouds should have a tender heart.

Your figure stands out to me
Like a bold spot on a tunic left by the juice of hari.

When the Emperor went hunting in Gamafuno, Nukata no Okimi
composed a poem:

In the field where glowing purple grasses grow,
In the field of the Imperial estate,
Won't the guard see you
Waving your sleeve to me ?

The prince answered:

Had I hated you, who are fragrant as purple grass,
Would I have risked loving you, who are a married woman ?

柿本人麿 Kakinomoto no Hitomaro
Beginning with the reign of Emperor Jinmu
Who ascended to the throne in Kashihara
At the foot of Unebi mountain,
All his divine descendants succeeded as emperors to the throne

And ruled under the heaven
Continuously as the budding of hemlock trees.
What was the Emperor thinking
When he left heavenly Yamato behind
And crossed green Nara Mountain ?
What was he thinking
When he ruled under the heaven from the Otsu Palace,
Built along the rippling lake
In the province of Omi,
Omi of rapid abundant streams
Yet far from heaven and rustic ?
I hear people saying that here towered the palace
Of the godly Emperor,
Here the palace towered,
Where spring grasses now grow thickly.
It saddens me to look at the ruins of the grand palace
Where the spring sun shines through the rising mist.

Even though Cape Karasaki is still here, unchanged,
Along the rippling lake of Shiga,
No more can it expect the ships of the courtiers.

Even though the stagnant water
In the inlet of the lake lingers on,
Will it meet again the people of old ?

A poem Kakinomoto no Hitomaro composed when the Emperor
visited the Sequestered Yoshino Palace.

Though my august Emperor rules many countries under the heaven,
Attracted to the domain of pure mountains and streams
You built high pillars for the palace
In the flowering field of Akitsu in the province of Yoshino.

Lining up their boats,
Numerous courtiers cross the river in the morning;
Racing each other, they cross the river in the evening.
As the river flows unceasingly
And the mountains rise majestically
So you will reign.
Oh, I never tire of looking at the palace
Towering over the domain of the foaming torrent.

I never tire of looking at the Yoshino River.
I will return as steadfastly
As the water moss attaches to the river bed.

My ruler, my Emperor,
Resolving to act like the god you are,
You reared a tall palace on the foaming torrent of Yoshino.
When you climb on the terrace and gaze upon the country
The god of green, hedgelike mountains
Holds up flowers in spring
And colored leaves in autumn.
Streaming along the mountain,
Thinking of offering for the banquet,
The god of the river also provides fishing
With cormorants on the upper shallow
And fishing with small nets on the lower shallow.
Mountains and rivers
All come to serve you in this divine reign.

Mountains and rivers come to serve the divine Emperor.
A god, you sail upon the roaring stream.

The bay of Tsuno in the sea of Iwami where the sea-ivy grows,
People may say that is no good a bay,
People may say that it offers no good an inlet;
Let it be.
Even if it is neither a good bay nor a good inlet,
Let it be.
Pointing toward the sea shore
On the reefy inlet of Nigitazu,
The wind will carry duckweed and seaweed
As the birds flap in the morning.
As the birds flap in the evening
Waves will come carrying blue duckweed and seaweed.
Leaving behind my wife who slept like a duckweed
Swaying hither and thither,
At every bend of the road I looked back constantly.
The village got farther and farther away
And I climbed higher and higher across the mountains.
Languishing like a summer grass
She will miss me.
O, how I want to see the gate where my wife stands.
Bend down mountains!

I wonder if she could see the sleeves I waved to her
Through the trees on Takatsuno Mountain in Iwami.

Bamboo leaves rustle
All over the mountain,
In the rustling, undisturbed,
I miss my love
Whom I left behind.

In the sea of Iwami where the sea ivy grows

Along Karasaki, a name difficult as it is foreign,
On the rocks in the sea miru-weeds grow,
On the reefy beach grow sea weeds.
Swaying like a seaweed she slept with me.
Though I loved her deeply,
As deeply as the sea where miru-weeds grow,
The nights were few that we slept together.
Like a crawling vine parts at the tip
I came away from her with my heart in pain.
Though I look back missing her,
In the confusion of falling leaves in Watari Mountain
Even the sleeves of my wife cannot be seen clearly.
Through the lift in the clouds which hang over the Yakami Mountain
Where she secludes herself,
The moon travels.
I regret the sight of her sleeve
Disappearing completely as the moon disappears.
The setting sun shines through the clouds.
Even I, who thought myself a strong man,
Have moistened the sleeves of my gown.

Because the white colt galloped
Quickly I have passed the gate of my wife
As far away as the clouds above.

Leaves that are falling in Akiyama,
Stop falling for a while,
For I would see the place of my wife!

A poem Kakinomoto no Hitomaro composed at the temporary
internment of Prince Hinamishi.

When heaven and earth were created,
When myriads of gods gathered together
On the bank of the heavenly river to consult,
They agreed upon the Sun goddess Hirume's ruling heaven
And the divine prince's ruling earth—
The land where reeds grow,
Where rice is abundant—
From end to end where heaven and earth meet.
Sent down through the eight fold clouds of heaven to rule,
The hallowed prince Hinamishi opened the rocky gate of heaven
And hid himself in heaven,
Thinking that the country should be ruled by the Emperor
Who rules like a god in the Kiyomi Palace where birds fly.
If my king, the prince, ruled under heaven,
He would have been as precious as blossoms in spring,
He would have been as perfect as the moon.
All the people under heaven were waiting for him to rule,
Turning to him as to a huge ship,
Looking heavenward as if they were waiting for the rainfall.
What could he be thinking,
Who built the big pillars on the hill of Mayumi
Where he had no reason to be?
This palace having been built,
Many days and months have passed
While he says nothing in the morning.
That is why the servant of the prince do not know
Where to turn.

I looked to the prince as to heaven.
How sad that his palace will go into ruin.

Even though the sun shines,
How regretful that the moon hid itself

Travelling across the pitch-dark sky.

In the river Asuka
Growing in the upper shallow,
Seaweed flows down to the lower shallow.
As you now sleep without having the soft skin
Of your husband beside you,
Husband with whom you slept clinging this way and that way
Like seaweed,
The bed must be barren in the darkness of the night.
Unable to console yourself,
Hoping against hope to see him,
Is that why you should soil the hem of your robe
On the morning dew in the field of scenic Ochi ?
Should you pass nights on the grass
With your tunic moistened in the evening mist
For the sake of him whom you do not meet ?

The prince with whom you shared sleeves
Passes away crossing scenic Ochi.
Will you ever meet again ?

A poem composed by Kakinomoto no Hitomaro at the time of the temporary internment of Princess Asuka in Kinoue.

Over the river of Asuka where birds fly
The stone bridge passes across the upper shallow.
Growing on the stone bridge and floating,
Seaweed grows again even after having been cut.
Growing thick on the wooden bridge,
River weed sprouts again even after it has withered.

Why, oh, why could you forget
The morning palace of your splendid lord,
With whom, standing, like a seaweed,
Lying, like a river weed
You slept floating to each other ?
Why, oh, why could you turn your back
To the evening palace of your prince ?
While you were alive
Decking yourself with flowers in spring,
Decking yourself with colored leaves when autumn came,
Spreading up sleeves you slept together.
But you chose the Kinoe Palace as your permanent palace
Where you used to come from time to time
And play with your prince,
At whom you never tire of looking,
Like a mirror, like the full moon,
Whom you praised unceasingly.
You can no longer be seen and heard.
That is why, in his deep sorrow,
An unrequited love bird,
The prince come to visit you
Like a morning bird.
When we see him languishing like summer grass,
Drifting hither and thither like the evening star,
Wandering like a ship,
I know no way of consoling myself.
Therefore, at a loss for what to do,
Only the sound, only your name,
Will I forever remember as far as heaven and earth remain.
How beautiful this Asuka river which bears your name,
This memento of our princess.

If the stream of Asuka river were held by damming,

The water would flow slowly.

Our Emperor Tenmu, the ruler,
Awe-inspiring even to think of
And frightening to speak of,
Has graciously established his palace
In the plain of Mikami in Suka
And now, like a god, hides himself in his mausoleum.
Crossing over green Fuwa mountain
In the northern province where he ruled,
The Emperor came to reign in the temporal palace
In the plain of Wagami,
To rule widely under heaven,
To conquer countries under his rule.
Summoning up warriors from the Eastern provinces
Where birds call,
The Emperor entrusted Prince Takechi,
Prince though he was,
To pacify the violent
And subjugate the hostile.
Arming himself with a sword,
With a bow in his august hand,
The prince gave command to the warriors.
Marshalling drums resounded like thunder,
Flutes were blown so loudly as to frighten people
And make them wonder
If a tiger were roaring, confronting his enemy;
Flags were hoisted and waved
As fire in every field flutters to the wind
When spring comes after winter,
The bows made frightening sound
As wind whirls up in snow-falling winter forests;

Multitudes of arrows were released
Like snow falling in confusion.
The opposed, who stood unyielding,
Fought like desperate birds,
Determined to die if they must die
As dew and frost vanish.
He made enemies go astray
With the divine wind from Ise Shrine
By blocking the sunlight with eternal clouds,
By covering the world with darkness.
Having thus subdued the hostile,
Like a god, the Emperor in peace, ruled the country
Where rice is abundant;
And the prince assumed the helm of affairs under heaven.
Although this blossoming prosperity would seem to continue forever,
The gate of our prince was prepared for mourning,
Palace attendants, dressed in white hemp cloths,
Lamenting, creep like deer in the field of Haniyasu
From morning till night
And look up at the palace in the dark evening.
Crying, like quails, they served,
But, unable to serve, they roamed like spring birds.
Still in the midst of lamentation
Its grief not yet spent,
The funeral procession went from the field of Kudara.
The palace of Kinoe was built as high as his eternal palace
And he was enshrined there as a god.
Yet, could it be possible
That the palace in Kagu mountain
Which he had built,
Thinking it would last eternally,
Will pass away, even after so many generations?
Gazing at the palace as up to heaven,

Though it be awe-inspiring,
We will cherish his memory in our hearts.

Even though you rule in heaven,
We will miss you
Not knowing the passage of day and night.

The servants are at a loss
Not knowing where to seek
As seeking a hidden pool on the bank of the Haniyasu pond.

When his wife passed away, Kakinomoto no Hitomaro, shedding
bitter tears, composed two poems:

Although I wished deeply to visit
Karu no Michi, the village of my beloved wife,
Thinking that it would attract people's attention
If I went too frequently,
Thinking that they would know
If I visited too often,
We hoped to meet later
As vines creep to each other.
I relied on chance as on a great ship,
Secretly adoring her,
My love like a pool hidden
Enclosed by rocks.
Suddenly, a messenger came, announcing
That my wife, who used to cling to me like seaweed,
Had passed away like autumn leaves,
As the journeying sun grows dark,
As the moon is hidden in clouds.
Hearing this like the sound of a drawn bow,

Not knowing what to do
I could not keep still.
As I stand and listen in the market of Karu
(Where my beloved wife used to come and watch)
Seeking to give comfort to my yearning heart
Even by a thousandth part of my love;
No warbling birds can be heard in Unebi Mountain,
Not a single stroller on the road resembles her.
Without knowing what to do
I wave my sleeve, calling her name.

The messenger came, together with the fall of autumn leaves,
Recalling to my mind the day we met.

(注2)

When she was in this ephemeral world
We used to pick up zelkova leaves in our hands.
Even though I loved her with as much abundance
As that of the spring leaves on the zelkova tree
Which we watched together on a nearby bank,
Even though I believed in her,
She could not defy ways of the world.
Covered under a beautiful white robe
And hidden like the setting sun,
Bird-like, she left in the morning
To the wasteland where the air shimmers with heat.
My beloved wife left her baby behind, a memorial;
Whenever he cries, wanting for something,
I, having nothing to offer,
I, though a man, carry him in my arms.
In the house where we two slept pillow to pillow
I, wandering the day with a desolate heart,
Sighing away night after night, lament.

Mourning in vain with no means of reaching her
I pine for her.

They tell me that in the mountain of Hagai
Where large birds fly,
I will find my wife again.
So, all the way along the hard road
I came,
Finding my way between the rocks.
Yet how futile this,
For I know that
Not the faintest glimpse of her
Can I see any more.

Even though the autumn moon still shines
My wife has passed farther away.

When I returned from her funeral pyre
In the mountain of Hikide
I hardly felt alive.

The province of Sanuki,
Where beautiful seaweed grows—
Is it because the country is good
That we never tire of looking ?
Or is it because the gods are very holy ?
Heaven and earth will be full of glory
Like the gods' faces.
With the passage of day and month
As the gods' faces
The province has been handed down.
From the strait of Naka
We floated our boat.

When we came, rowing,
The wind blew in the clouds above.
When we saw the sea in the distance
The high waves were rolling in.
When we saw the beach
White crests broke on the shore.
Afraid of the sea where whales live,
Steering the boat with force,
We took refuge
On the reefy beach of the famous Samine Island
Among the many islands we saw here and there.
On the beach filled with the sound of waves
You lay with your head pillowed
On the bed of rough rocks.
If I knew your family,
I would go and tell.
If your wife knew,
She would come and ask.
As she does not even know the way
Which leads here,
Anxious, she must be waiting for you,
Missing you.
Ah, your beloved wife.

If you had had your wife beside you,
She would have picked herbs from upland fields
And you eaten them.
Aren't they past the time for picking ?

You are sleeping with your head pillowed on the reefy beach,
Where the waves come dashing from the distant sea.
Oh, you !

人磨

On the rock of Mt. Kamo I am dying with my head pillowed,
Not knowing, my wife will be waiting for me,
Missing me.

妻依羅娘子

I have been waiting for you
Each day, every day.
Oh, people say you are now mingled
With shells in the river Ishikawa.

(注3)

山上憶良 Yamanoue no Okura

An Elegy in Japanese

To this distant court of the Emperor,
To the haunted province of Tsukushi,
She came, longing after me like a tearful child.
Before many years had passed,
Before she could have a respite,
Suddenly, all too suddenly,
She fell ill.
Knowing neither what to say nor what to do
I knew not how to address rocks and trees.
Had she but stayed at home
She would have been alive.
What did my cruel wife expect of me
When she, turning her back upon
The vow we had made
When we sat side by side
Like a pair of divers,
Went far away from me?

What would I do now returning home ?

How lonely I would be
Stepping where we slept with our pillows side by side !

Oh, my beloved !
O, how may I now return my love to her
Who came longing for me, only to end like this !

O, how wretched this our fate !
Had I but known
Wouldn't I have shown her all the splendor
Of this beautiful land !

The Auchi which my wife used to look at will droop
Before my tears are dry.

Mist is rising over the Ohno mountain;
Mist is rising in the wind of my sigh,
In the wind of my lamentation.

The wind and the clouds fly across the shores;
I hear no words from my love
So far away.

A poem to cure the mind gone astray

Although he knows that parents ought to be respected, he has forgotten the duty of filial piety and has abandoned his wife and children, discarding them like kicked-off shoes. He presents himself as an unworldly hermit. Though his spirit is lifted above the clouds, his body remains in worldly dust. Not having the mark of the saint who practices discipline in order to be enlightened, he seems to be the one

who fled into the mountains. For this reason I send him a poem which suggests three righteous ways and reveals five teachings so that he may reflect and remedy the confusion of his mind.

Parents are to be looked at with reverence;
A wife and children are adorable—
This is the simple truth of life.
Like birds caught in lime
We know not where to go.
You who go abandoning your kin
As if you were casting off worn out shoes,
Are you born of rocks or of trees?
Tell me your name.
When you are in heaven
You can do as you please,
But here on earth it is the Emperor who reigns.
To the far horizon where heavenly clouds descend
And to the extremes where frogs crawl about
This beautiful country is ruled by the Emperor.
While you give your mind to this and that
As a fancy takes you,
Am I not showing you the truth?

It is a long way to heaven;
So return home quickly and attend to your work.

Shakanyorai preached from his golden lips that he loves people as he loved his son Ragara. Again he preached that no love is comparable to the love of one's children. Even Shakanyorai with saintly detachment, loved his own child. As for us the common people, how can we not love our children so much more?

When I eat melon I think of children;
When I eat chestnuts I miss my children;
Where did they come from ?
They are insistently before my eyes,
Keeping me from sleeping peacefully.

How could silver, gold, or diamonds be as precious as children ?

A poem lamenting the difficulty of keeping the world from passing
by.

Easy to collect but difficult to disperse;
Those are eight agonies.
Pleasure is difficult to attain
But easy to exhaust.
For this reason I drive away the melancholy of aging
By composing a poem.

Among the things in the world which cannot be helped
Are years that pass by, flowing.
Numerous pains come pursuing us
One after another and press upon us.
Girls play hand in hand with their companions,
Behaving maidenly with exotic jewels around their wrists;
Unable to hold back the prime of life
They let time pass away.
When does the frost fall on hair once black ?
From where do wrinkles come upon faces once fresh ?
Young men play around
Behaving manly with swords on their hips,
Hunting bows in their hands

And woven saddles on their red colts.
Does the world last thus ?
Pushing open the door of ladies' chambers
They reach for their lovers and sleep
Their beautiful arms entwined.
But, before they can count many such nights
People despise them
And hate them
While they walk with canes at their sides.
Such is the way that we old are treated.
Thus, life is pitiable,
But how helpless we mortals are !

Though I wish I were thus like a rock
The world will not stay for me.

(注 4)

I left the loving hands of my mother
To go up to the capital where the sun shines;
Crossing over hundred folds of mountains
I travelled through recesses of unknown countries,
Wondering and thinking, "When may we see the capital ?"
As my body hurts
I gathered grasses and brushwoods
At the bend of the road
To lie upon them as upon a bed.
As I lay lamenting, I thought
My father would tend me
Were I but home,
How my mother would nurse me
Were I in my own country;
I wondered if this was the way of the world ?
Would my life end like that of a dog

Lying by the side of the road ?

Unable to see my mother who nursed me
Whither, in my sorrow, shall I turn
Having parted from her ?

On a far-stretching, unknown road
In distress, how shall I keep on
Without food in my hand ?

If I must perish
How comforted my heart would
Were my mother but to nurse me at home !

Counting from the day I left them
My parents must wait for me
Saying, "Today, today !"

Having forsaken my parents
Whom I must never again see in this world
Must I depart forever !

Dialogue on Poverty

On the night when rain falls mingled with wind
On the night when snow falls mingled with wind
He is helplessly cold.
So, nibbling a lump of crude salt,
He sips dregs of saké;
Coughing, snivelling but stroking thin beard
He boasts 'there is no worthy man but me'.
But as it is cold
He pulls up the hemp quilt.

Even though he wears all the sleeveless clothes he has
It is cold.
On such a night
Parents of those who are poorer than he
Would starve and be shivering;
Wives and children would be crying weakly.
If such is the case
How do you manage to get by ?
Even though they say heaven and earth are wide
They have become narrow only for me.
Even though they say the sun and the moon are bright
They have ceased to shine.
Is it thus for everyone ?
Or is it thus only with me ?
Born as a man by chance
I work as others do.
Wearing an unpadded cloak,
Covering the shoulders only with rags
Which dangle down like seaweed,
In tottered, tilted hobble
I lay in straws spread on the bare earth.
My parents at my pillow,
My wife and children at my feet,
They surround me and lament.
No smoke in the hearth,
Cobweb covering rice cooker,
Forgetting even how to cook,
We moan weakly like divers.
Then, on top of it,
The village headman with a whip in his hand
Comes yelling,
Standing at the door:
As the saying is, they snip that

Which is already too short.
Must it be so helpless as this
The way of the world ?

Even though this world is sad and weary
I cannot fly away
As I am not a bird.

(注 5)

Since the age of gods it has been said
That towering Japan is a dignified country of Emperors,
The country to which the spirit of the words brings happiness;
The tale has been handed down from mouth to mouth,
And all of us see by our own eyes and know.
Although there are many people
The exalted Emperor chose you
In the largeness of his benevolence,
As the son of a house
Which has administered under the heaven.
Obeying the command of the Emperor
Despatched to the distant land of China
You depart.
All the gods, who reign on the shores
And on plains of the sea,
Pilot your boat across.
All the gods, especially the 'Great Land Spirit' of Yamato
Will fly through the air
And look down from the sky.
After your work is done
The gods, with their hands upon the prow,
Will steer your boat back again,
Arriving at the shore of Mitsu of Ohtomo
Through the Cape of Chika,

Drawn as straight as a measuring rope.
In safety and happiness
Quickly come home.

Sweeping the pine grove in Mitsu of Ohtomo
I will stand waiting for you.
Quickly come back home !

Hastily I will come,
Even with the string of my robe untied,
When, they say, your ship comes ashore at Nigitazu.

Seventh night poems by Yamanoue no Okura
I longed for you
Standing, facing the heavenly river.
You are coming this evening
Launching the boat.
I will wait, untying the string of my robe.

Are you coming to me tonight,
Floating the boat on the heavenly river ?

From the time when the earth was separated from heaven
And the Oxherd from Weaver Girl,
He stood facing the river.
His yearning heart was not at ease
His grieving heart was not at ease.
Because of the pitiless waves
Their hope of seeing each other was lost.
Because of the ominous clouds
He shed tears without end.

Can he keep moaning like this ?
Can he keep yearning like this ?
Had he but a small boat painted red
Had he but oars decked with jewels
He would stroke the water
Across the morning lull,
He would row
Across the evening tide.
Spreading the streaming cape
On the heavenly river bank
We would sleep night after night,
Our pearl-like arms entwined,
Even though autumn is not yet.

(注 1)

天皇、内大臣藤原朝臣に詔して、春山の萬花の艶と秋山の千葉の彩とを競憐はしめたまふ時、額田王、歌を以ちて判る歌

冬ごもり 春さり來れば 鳴かざりし 鳥も來鳴きぬ 咲かざりし 花
も咲けれど 山を茂み 入りても取らず 草深み 取りても見ず 秋山
の 木の葉を見ては 黄葉をば 取りてそしのふ 青きをば 置きてそ
歎く そこし恨めし 秋山われは

(注 2)

柿本朝臣人麿、妻死りし後、泣血哀慟して作る歌二首 并に短歌

天飛ぶや 輕の路は 吾妹子が 里にしあれば ねもころに 見まく欲
しけど 止まず行かば 人目を多み 數多く行かば 人知りぬべみ 狹
根葛 後も逢はむと 大船の 思ひ憑みて 玉かぎる 磐垣淵の 隠り
のみ 戀ひつつあるに 渡る日の 暮れ行くが如 照る月の 雲隠る如
沖の藻の 靡きし妹は 黄葉の 過ぎて去にきと 玉梓の 使の言へば
梓弓 聲に聞きて 一に云ふ、聲のみ聞きて 言はむ術 爲むすべ知らに 聲のみを
聞きてあり得ねば わが戀ふる 千重の一重も 慰むる 情もありやと
吾妹子が 止まで出で見し 輕の市に わが立ち聞けば 玉襴 畝火の
山に 鳴く鳥の 聲も聞えず 玉梓の 道行く人も 一人だに 似てし

行かねば すべをなみ 妹が名喚びて 袖そ振りつる 或る本、名のみ聞き
あり得ねばといへる
て
句あり

黄葉の散りゆくなべに玉梓の使を見れば逢ひし日思ほゆ

(注3)

玉藻よし 讃岐の國は 國柄か 見れども飽かぬ 神柄か ここだ貴き
天地 日月とともに 満りゆかむ 神の御面と 繼ぎて来る 中の水門
ゆ 船浮けて わが漕ぎ來れば 時の風 雲居に吹くに 沖見れば と
る波立ち 邊見れば 白波さわく 鯨魚取り 海を恐み 行く船の 梶
引き折りて をちちの 島は多けど 名くはし 狹岑の島の 荒磯面
に いほりて見れば 波の音の 繁き濱べを 敷栲の 枕になして 荒
床に 自伏す君が 家知らば 行きても告げむ 妻知らば 來も問はま
しを 玉梓の 道だに知らず おぼぼしく 待ちか戀ふらむ 愛しき妻
らは

反歌二首

妻もあらば採みてたげまし佐美の山野の上のうはぎ過ぎにけらずや
沖つ波來よる荒磯を敷栲の枕と枕きて寝せる君かも

柿本朝臣人麿、石見國に在りて臨死らむとする時、自ら傷みて作る歌一首

鴨山の岩根し枕けるわれをかも知らにと妹が待ちつつあらむ

柿本朝臣人麿の死りし時、妻依羅娘子の作る歌二首

今日今日とわが待つ君は石川の貝に 一に云ふ、
谷に 交りてありといはずやも

(注4)

世間の住り難きを哀しぶる歌一首 序を并せたり

集ひ易く排ひ難きものは八大辛苦なり。遂げ難く盡し易きものは百年の
樂なり。古人の嘆きし所にして、今亦これに及けり。所以因一章の歌を
作りて、二毛の嘆きを撥ふ。その歌に曰はく

世間の 術なきものは 年月は 流るる如し 取り續き 追い來るもの
は 百種に 迫め寄り來る 少女らが 少女さびすと 唐玉を 手本に
纏かし 或いはこの句、白栲の 袖ふりかはし
紅の 赤裳裾引き といへるあり 同輩兒らと 手携りて 遊びけ
む 時の盛りを 留みかね 過し遣りつれ 蜷の腸 か黒き髪に 何時
の間か 霜の降りけむ 紅の 一に云はく、
丹の種なす 面の上に 何處ゆか皺が來り
し 一に云はく、常なりし 笑まひ眉引 咲く花
の 移ろひにけり 世間は かくのみならし 大夫の 男子さびすと劔太刀
腰に取り佩き 獵弓を 手握り持ちて 赤駒に 倭文鞆うち置き 匍ひ

乗りて 遊びあるきし 世間や 常にありける 少女らが さ寝す板戸
を 押し開き い辿りよりて 眞玉手の 玉手さし交へ さ寝し夜の
幾許もあらねば 手束杖 腰にたがねて か行けば 人に厭はえ かく
行けば 人に憎まえ 老男は 斯くのみならし たまきはる 命惜しけ
ど せむ術も無し

反歌

常磐なす斯くしもがもと思へども世の事なれば留みかねつも

(注5)

貧窮問答の歌一首 短歌并せたり

風雑へ 雨降る夜の 雨雑へ 雪降る夜は 術もなく 寒くしあれば
堅塩を 取りつつしろひ 糟湯酒 うち啜ろひて 咳かひ 鼻びしびし
に しかとあらぬ 鬚かき撫でて 我を除きて 人は在らじと 誇ろへ
ど 寒くしあれば 麻衾 引き被り 布肩衣 有りのことごと 服襲へ
ども 寒き夜すらを 我よりも 貧しき人の 父母は 飢ゑ寒ゆらむ
妻子どもは 吟び泣くらむ 此の時は 如何にしつつか 汝が世は渡る
天地は 廣しといへど 吾が爲は 狭くやなりぬる 日月は 明しとい
へど 吾が爲は 照りや給はぬ 人皆か 吾のみや然る わくらばに
人とはあるを 人並に 吾も作るを 綿も無き 布肩衣の海松の如 わ
わけさがれる 檻樓のみ 肩にうち懸け 伏廬の 曲廬の内に 直土に
藁解き敷きて 父母は 枕の方に 妻子どもは足の方に 圍み居て 憂
へ吟ひ 竈には 火氣ふき立てず 甑には蜘蛛の巢懸きて 飯炊く 事
も忘れて 鵲鳥の 呻吟ひ居るに いとのきて 短き物を 端截ると
云へるが如く 楚取る 里長が聲は 寝屋戸まで 來立ち呼ばひぬ 斯
くばかり 術無きものか 世間の道
世間の憂しとやさしと思へども飛び立ちかねつ鳥にしあらねば